

DODGE CITY TIMES.

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NO. 24.

THE DODGE CITY TIMES.

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W. C. & LLOYD SHINN.

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OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

County.

Representative—R. M. Wright.
Commissioners—
A. J. Peacock, Chairman.
A. J. Anthony,
Charles Rath,
County Clerk—Jno. B. Means.
Treasurer—A. B. Webster.
Coroner—Dr. S. Galland.
Sheriff—Charles E. Bassett.
Register—James Langdon.
Clerk District Court—Harry Bender.
Probate Judge—Herman J. Fringer.
County Attorney—M. W. Sutton.
Surveyor—H. T. McCarty.
Sup't Pub. Inst.—Thomas L. McCarty.

City.

Mayor—James H. Kelley.
Councilmen—
Hon. D. D. Colley,
Geo. B. Cox,
C. M. Benson,
John Newton,
F. J. Leonard.
Attorney and Clerk—M. W. Sutton.
Treasurer—Charles H. Schulz.
Police Judge—Hon. D. M. Frost.
Marshal—L. E. Deger.

Township.

Trustee—P. L. Beatty.
Clerk—Chas. H. Schulz.
Treasurer—Henry Niss.
Justices—W. Y. McIntosh, D. E. Baldwin
and D. M. Frost.
Constables—James H. McGowan, High
Constable; Ed. Baldwin and David Morrow Constables.

Officers of School District No. 1—F. C. Zimmerman, President; M. Collar, Secretary; A. J. Anthony, Treasurer.

School District No. 2—Director, D. E. Baldwin; Clerk, L. Maran; Treasurer, V. Miller.

SOCIETIES.

RELIGIOUS.

PREACHING at the Union Church Building every Sunday at the hours of 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Also lectures every Wednesday evening, by REV. O. W. WRIGHT, Pastor.

I. O. O. F.

CORONA LODGE No. 127, I. O. O. F. meet at their hall, on Locust Street, every Sunday night. Visiting Brothers are cordially invited to attend. D. M. FROST, N. G. A. G. COOK, Secretary.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

D. M. FROST,

LAW AND COLLECTION OFFICE, at A. B. Webster's store. Notary public and real estate agent.

W. N. Morphy, Harry E. Gryden.
MORPHY & GRYDEN.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Will practice in the District Courts of Western Kansas, and in Federal and Supreme courts of the State. 15

S. N. Wood, E. F. Colborn.
WOOD & COLBORN.

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW will practice in the District Court of Ford county. Address, Cottonwood Falls. 9

THE TIMES JOB OFFICE

IS NOW PREPARED TO PRINT ALL KINDS of posters, cards, letter heads, bill heads, shipping tags, envelope cards, circulars and blanks, in the latest and most attractive styles.

DR. S. GALLAND,

OCCULIST AND CHRONIC DISEASES successfully treated.

NOTICE.

DDOL

On left side or hip.
Any person disposing of cattle in the above brands without written authority from me will be prosecuted to the extent of the law.
J. W. DRISKILL.

Any person finding cattle with this brand, straying, will be suitably rewarded by notifying A. Kiehne, at camp on Salt Fork, or the undersigned, at Junction City Kas.
W. M. HURST.

FAREWELL ODE TO NEMESIS.

When from Olympia's glorious face
Great Jove in rage his deadly thunder hurl'd,
He sought in vain among the human race
A fitting tool to scourge the wicked world,
No bade swift Mercury depart apace
With pinions neatly trimmed and curl'd
And quickly ferry 'cross the river Styx
To borrow one from his old neighbor Nick.

Now Satan sat in quiet contemplation
Of the fires 'neath the infernal griddle,
Wagging his tail in nervous irritation
Whilst Orpheus blindly strum'd his fiddle,
Grinding out the last polite sensation,
"Hands around and Mollie in the middle."
Whilst devils of every color and size
Danced and yelled with glittering eyes.

As Jove's messenger strode quickly thro' the place

And gave the dread mandate from on high
Surprise beamed forth from every fiendish face,
Yet all seemed willing thence to fly,
But Satan arose in his sternest grace

And pointing out one to Mercury
Exclaimed in joy, "Here, take this dainty miss,
She'll do my work e'en there, 'tis Nemesis.

Soon this fell dame around her malice flung
Not caring where it chance may lodge
Sorrow only lapped it with her tongue—
What wonder then a sprinkle fell at Dodge

To find a ready tool to chant her song,
As well on Bill as Jem or Hodge.
Yet why like other modern wild buffoons
Exchange her pantalons for pantaloons.

Yet sooth to say thou art a curious fellow—
A "limb of the law," as the saying goes,
Too green in age, in rancor mellow,
Faithless to friends, yet terrible to foes.

For gainst the latter I've heard the bellow
(Excuse the term, no other words propose)
In right good style, when like a soda pop
Thy wrath o'erflows, nor knoweth where to stop.

And thou, too, of the gentle ones art fond;
No good can come of that, full well I ween;
And followest each brunette and blonde—
Why, really, they must think you very green—

What pleasure is there in the sicken bond
With a youth like you who has but passed his teens.

Fie, fie, young man, pray don't be such a flirt,
To tell the truth, sir, you are much too pert.

Politics, too, I'm told, has got you by the ears;
Remember, it is vanity all through;
But that is over, it appears—
I think you said so, with a visage blue.

Some squabble for a place or office sears
Your spirit, and has put you in a stew,
At least since the county's legal nation
Has made good hash for Michael Sutton.

But hark, the gong for dinner sounds within
And so your humble censor must be mum;
In fact, to plague you more would be a sin.
Another time again perchance I'll come

To see how all is going on within—
If wrong, believe me, I shall not be dumb.
So fare thee well, my unfledged legal friend,
Renounce your malice, and your manners mend!"

J. W. T.

Hutchinson Dram Shops.

Hutchinson is the name of a little town about a hundred miles down the A. T. & S. F. It bears somewhat near the same comparison to Kansas, in one respect, that Brooklyn does to the State of New York—being noted for its churches and Sunday Schools. Also, like Brooklyn, its good people are incessantly fighting and raising a terrible stink about some evil which they imagine to exist in their midst. So far back as the history of the village dates one can hardly pick out a week in which they did not have a squabble over whisky-selling. The pious city fathers never would grant a license for dram shops. The druggists were "pulled" every now and then for outstepping their privileges. But where people have such a thirst for both mild and strong drinks as the average Hutchinsonian has (barring a few of the deacons and zealous sisters) they are sure to find some way "get to the joint." These persecuted Hutchinson drinkers, after thoroughly discussing the matter, decided to organize a stock company. The company was organized under the title "Farmers' and Mechanics' Social Club." Shares covering the amount of paid in capital were issued, the value of each share being five cents. Whenever a shareholder wishes a share "cashed," all he has to do is to present it at the com-

pans office. The company have formed an "expanding" currency out of beer and other mixtures, with which they redeem their stock. Sometimes strangers will go into the company's office, and, throwing a coin down on the counter, salute the teller with "gimme a drink!" Not at all frightened, the amiable teller comes out from behind the counter, leads the stranger to the back part of the room, where he is introduced to a one-eyed snoozer named Bobby Sours. "Mr. Sours is a broker, and has several shares of stock in the Farmers' and Mechanics' Social Club for sale," says the teller. Bobby Sours has an eye to business, and refuses to sell less than five shares at one transfer, and the customer is therefore compelled to take five drinks instead of one.—Exit visitor containing five drinks.

Railroad Accident.

Conductor Bender, who runs a passenger train on this division has always been considered one of the most careful and reliable conductors on the road. He was held in high esteem by the higher officers of the road and likewise by every employee beneath him. At one time he used to lay over at Dodge City every Sunday. He organized a Sunday School here and was for a long time its superintendent. Although his name is Bender, we are glad to state that he bears no relationship to Miss Kate or her unworthy parents. But we had commenced to give the particulars of an accident which happened on Mr. Bender's train Thursday morning. We do not charge Mr. Bender with being directly responsible for this accident—some "other man" is partly to blame. There was also "a woman in the case." The train left Great Bend yesterday afternoon "on time," and sped westward at the brisk rate of thirty miles an hour, bearing an unusually large number of emigrant passengers. Every car was filled. The conductor took a little more than usual care to see that all went well. But some accidents are the next thing to unavoidable. It is in accordance with human anatomy. Mr. Bender was somewhat surprised toward the close of the afternoon by being informed that a lady in the adjoining car wished a private interview, but he only smiled pleasantly (an unusual thing for the average conductor to indulge in) as he approached the fair passenger. Mrs. — was on her way to the garden spot of Kansas (Ford County) but she was now firmly convinced that she "was going to be sick" before she reached her destination. A man not accustomed to facing and overcoming great obstacles might have wailed, but not so with this veteran conductor. He ordered all male passengers to disband and seek refuge in another car, which they did, notwithstanding they were compelled to ride standing. Mr. Bender also bowed himself out, observing that this car was set apart for ladies exclusively. The train sped on just the same as usual. It isn't named yet.

Hon. S. N. Wood says the Commonwealth and Nationalist quill drivers, and some other equally obscure rural journalist "ought to be killed," and he asks the Leavenworth Times if he shall be the executioner. Now, "Mr. Speaker," in the language of "the gentleman from Shawnee" on an occasion, (Feb. 22) "We submit this is all wrong. A Japanese proverb says: 'If you hate anybody, let him live.' Something of this spirit should restrain our 'Sam' from striking his victims under the fifth rib.—(Hutchinson Interior.

The Czar has declared war against Turkey and the Russian advance crossed the Roumanian frontier on the 22d, on its way to the Danube.

War Makes Business.

The Oriental Mills Powder Company, of Gsanby, Maine, have a contract nearly completed for a quarter of a million dollars worth of powder for Russia.

The Bench and Bar.

There must be something in the atmosphere (it certainly can't be the \$9 whisky which we drink?) that makes every mother's son of our city so ready, willing, and confoundedly handy at a practical joke, which corrals our feelings, cocks our hats to one side, and makes us kind of—on it.

Why, look at us! If a staid old ex-Governor visits us—no matter though 'his silvery locks be pointing to the grave'—four hours bathing in the balmy zephyrs of Dodge City, and he will be holding the next to the top hand in a game of draw. If a teacher of the most orthodox creed but stays with us a week, he will branch out into chasing the fleet antelope, and into creeping up—on so cautiously—upon the unsuspecting goose. In short, we are progressive, or Bobbingersollish so to speak.

But to our story: Judge Gryden was sitting in his sanctum, ruminating on the uncertainties of political events, and the representation, taxation and damnation of our country generally, when in stepped County Attorney Sutton, with his usual "Halloh, Gryden; how wags the world this morning?"

"Well," said Gryden, "Mike, this is a cussed wicked world. Why, sir, two hours ago I started for the Long Branch with a half dozen checks to invest in Sultanias, when who should be standing at Hoover's flattening his nose against the glass in the door, but that infamous victimizer of the innocents (I mean Morphy and myself); that—well, it was Dick Evans; and, to tell you the truth, there's something in his wink that neither man or woman can withstand, and he won my last chip on a pat flush. Why, Mike, he can tell by the smoke from our chimney top if there is a chip in the office; and he comes for it; and he gets it."

Here the terrible Judge of our Police Court, Hon. D. M. Frost, came in, and Sutton, winking at Gryden, broke in as follows: "Confound it, Harry, it's a burning shame. The Bench and bar are getting ruined. No member is safe with a brass chip in his pocket while Dick is at large. But I'll tell you what I'll do: If Judge Frost will enter into a bond for faithful performance I'll give my two last checks to see you have a glass of 'Rock.' 'Of course!' said Gryden and Frost in one breath, and the following bond was duly signed and acknowledged:

WHEREAS, one Michael Westernhouse Sutton, in his official capacity as County Attorney, has this day delivered to one Harry E. Gryden (whose middle name is not comestable) two certain checks or tickets marked, "Good for 1 Drink at Beatty & Kelley's Bar." Now if the said Gryden shall promptly 'go to the joint,' and not allow one certain Dick Evans to rope him into any sinful game whereby the said check may be transferred to said Evans, then this bond to be void; otherwise I, Daniel Montague Frost, Police Judge of Dodge City and formerly a seafaring man of the Sangamon river, do bind myself in the sum of forty square drinks of booze, to be drank by said Sutton. Witness my hand and seal this 24th day of April, A. D. 1877.

D. M. Frost,

Police Judge.

P. S. All fees to be taxed by Judge Wm. Y. McIntosh.

This was all lovely. Frost clutched the checks and said, "Come on, Gryden," and the two repaired to Beatty & Kelley's. But "Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" Gryden dressed up to the bar, and, in answer to Al's "What's yours?"

REFUSED TO DRINK!

Frost and Al both smiled, but at last the horrible truth dawned on the Judge that this was a set up job by Sutton and Gryden to collect the bond. Then Daniel kicked. He plead fraud, usage of more than twenty years, surprise and collusion, but it was no go. Sutton held the Judge on the order of Mayor Kelley, and Gryden went down in his pockets vi et armis. Everybody took a drink (Dick was on hand) and the dignity of the Bar and reputation of Dodge City were preserved.